

THE
Adventures of Don Quixote
(CERVANTES)

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INTRODUCTION

The Author

The author of this book was a Spaniard, Cervantes, born in the year 1547 in an old University town. He was the son of a travelling physician, and had wandered about a great deal in his childhood. Cervantes loved books, and the trade of war. He participated in the battle of Lepanto in 1571 and was there maimed for life. When he was returning home from war, he was captured by the Moors and remained their prisoner for five years. At last his family scraped up some money and ransomed him.

At the age of a little over thirty, poor and without any prospects, he adopted the profession of writing. During the days of the Armada he collected oil and wines for the government, travelled all over the country and gathered much experience. This was embodied in his famous book where he makes fun of the popular tales of chivalry. He was nearly sixty years old, when he wrote the *Life and Adventures of Don Quixote* which brought him fame, but not much relief from monetary anxieties. Soon after completing this work Cervantes died.

The story.

The story of *Don Quixote* has become so popular, because its gentle satire has great humanity and benevolence behind

it. The knight is so ridiculous at the outset, but gradually his charm overcomes the reader and he grows into a beloved and respected figure. Don Quixote is one of the immortals of literature. His knightly figure captivates the imagination, moving on to the depths of one's being. The story rouses pity, sympathy and the kindest feelings in the reader.

This book is one of the few masterpieces of the world's literature, popular alike among old and young. Children read it for the excitement and adventures in it, grown-up people for its wisdom, tolerance and humanity. Among other books of the same category we may mention Alice in Wonderland, Gulliver's Travels or the Pickwick Papers. These are books eternally young. Time cannot kill them, nor ever destroy their perennial youth.

The Hero

Don Quixote, who had been reading numerous romances of chivalry, conceives a desire to be a great knight himself. He sets out with his squire, Sancho Panza, in search of adventures and battle. But the old world of romance was dead. A prosaic, businesslike world faces him. He dwells in a world of dreams and refuses to accept the dull reality. In the headlong crash that follows, he is sadly battered and bruised. He dashes against windmills, mistaking them for giants. He attacks unwary travellers and sails out on unknown rivers to release strange princesses from their island

prisons. When he wakes up from his dream, he is too disillusioned to live on. He dies like a very wise man and a good Christian.

Don Quixote began as a parody, but the great spirit of the author transformed the knight into a figure of sadness and glory. The book became a penetrating document of human life.

Since it was written about four hundred years ago, it has undergone various editions in all parts of the world, and still its popularity remains unabated.

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THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER I

Don Quixote Sallies Out

At a certain village in La Mancha, there lived a gentleman named Quixada. Like many gentlemen of his class he kept a lance on a rack, a target on the wall, a horse and a hound. He lived economically on week-days, but on Sundays he wore velvet and had an extra pigeon for dinner. This consumed three-fourths of his income. His family consisted of a house-keeper turned forty and a young niece. He himself was about fifty years old, tall and lanky possessed of a lantern-jaw, an early riser and fond of hunting.

He passed most of his time reading books of knight-errantry. He was so devoted to this pastime that he gave up even riding and hun-

ting, neglected his estate and even sold many acres of arable land to purchase these books. He studied with particular care the various modes of knightly address and discussed the finer points of these stories with his good friend, the curate of the parish. He read these romances day and night, until with too much reading and too little sleep his mind was affected and he longed to perform himself such great and noble adventures as he constantly read about.

He decided to turn knight-errant and roam through the world, armed to the teeth, in quest of adventures, redressing all manner of grievances and exposing himself to danger. He might thus win everlasting honour and renown.

He proceeded to equip himself properly for his adventures. He brought out a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather and had lain rusting in a corner. Having cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he discovered that the head-piece needed a vizor to complete it as a helmet. This he proceeded to fashion out of some paste-board, but when he tested it with his sword, it broke easily and the work of a week was undone in a moment. He

mended it to his satisfaction by fixing on the inside a few thin plates of iron and resolved that it could now pass to all intents and purposes for a proper helmet.

Next he viewed his horse whose bones stuck out of him and who looked a sorry sight, but his master thought as highly of him as of any horse in romance, not excluding Alexander's Bucephalus. Four days he considered what name to give him, worthy of the steed as well as the master, and at last decided to call him *Rocinante* a name lofty and significant.

Having given the horse such a satisfactory name he thought of choosing one for himself. After considering the matter for eight days, he decided to call himself *Don Quixote*. Then remembering that *Amadis*, not content with his simple name, had added to it the name of his country and called himself '*Amadis de Gaul*', so that his country might share his fame, he also like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

His armour having been cleaned and repaired, his helmet fixed up properly, his horse and

himself renamed, he now looked about for a lady who would be the object of his admiration. For he knew very well that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. He thought of a simple country-girl Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood and whom he had admired in the past, though without her knowledge. The knight decided to call her Dulcinea, because it sounded romantic, and as she lived in Toboso she was to be called Dulcinea del Toboso.

Having made these preparations he decided to embark on his adventures to redress wrongs in a suffering world, and one fine July morning rode out into the fields, equipped with his lance, shield and armour. He did not acquaint anyone with his purpose and left in all secrecy imaginable. He remembered suddenly that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and therefore according to the laws of chivalry he could not appear in single combat against any knight. He should also wear white armour as a fresh knight and not adorn his shield with any device, until he

had proved his valour by feats of strength. These thoughts shook his determination, but he decided to ask the first person whom he met to dub him a knight, As for his armour he resolved to scour it, till it looked whiter than ermine. Having thus quieted his mind he left it to his horse to decide what road it would take, believing that this was the true spirit of adventure.

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any adventures worth relating, but he kept thinking of the wonderful deeds he would perform and in the true manner of chivalry called upon his absent lady, Dulcinea, not to be cruel to him and beseeched her to admit him to her favours.

Towards the evening, tired and hungry, he looked about for a castle or shepherd's cottage where he could refresh himself. At last he saw an inn near the road and hastened towards it. There stood at the inn-door two common country-girls, whom Don Quixote imagined to be two beautiful damsels taking their pleasure at the castle-gate. He fancied that the inn was a castle fenced with towers, glittering with

silver, together with a draw-bridge, moat and other such appurtenances.

He advanced to the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements and sound his trumpet to announce the arrival of the knight, but finding that nobody came, he approached the two girls and addressed them thus

"Fly not ladies, nor fear the least discourtesy, for I profess the order of knighthood which permits me to harm nothing much less virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes."

The two girls stared at him, trying to get a glimpse of his face which was partly hid by his beaver. At last they burst out laughing, so strange were his behaviour and speech. Don Quixote began to grow angry at this insult and said "Let me tell you, ladies, that modesty and civility well become the fair sex and laughter without reason is the highest impropriety. But I do not say this to offend you or to incur your displeasure. My only desire is to serve you in all things"

This speech added to his strange appearance only increased their mirth and consequently

added fuel to his rage.' Luckily the inn-keeper came out at this juncture and saved the situation. He was a fat and peaceable man, and though inclined to laugh himself at the odd figure before him, restrained himself and bade him welcome to the inn.

Don Quixote, pacified by the humility of the governor of the castle, for such the inn-keeper appeared to him, replied: "Anything will do for me, Senor castillano, for arms are the only thing I care for, and fighting is my repose."

The inn-keeper said: "At this rate, sir knight your bed might be a hard rock, and your sleep being always awake. You may then safely alight, because you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in his house, much less one single night."

He helped Don Quixote to alight stiffly and was charged to take special care of his horse, since there was none better in the world. The inn-keeper did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be, but he led him to the stable and returned to see what the guest might be wanting. He was being

divested of his armour by the two wenches who had by now reconciled themselves to him. They had taken off his back and breast pieces, but they could not unfasten his gorget or his beaver which he had tied in such a manner with green ribbons that it could not be taken off without cutting them. This he would not permit, so he was forced to keep his helmet on the whole night and looked the strangest sight imaginable.

They brought him some fish and a loaf of bread which was mouldy and brown like his own armour. The cloth was laid at the door of the inn for the sake of the fresh breeze.

was a matter of laughter to see him eat ; for ,
aving his helmet on and the beaver up, he could not feed himself without help. The girls put the food in his mouth and the inn-keeper gave him drink through a hollow reed. All this he suffered patiently rather than cut the ribbons of his helmet.

CHAPTER II

Don Quixote is dubbed a knight

There was one matter which still troubled Don Quixote. He had not yet been dubbed a knight. His mind being disturbed with this thought, he cut short his brief supper and called the landlord to the stable. Falling on his knees before him, he cried: "I will never rise from this place, valiant knight, till you have granted me a favour which will honour you and benefit the whole of mankind."

The inn-keeper was taken aback and tried to raise his guest to his feet in vain, till he had promised to grant him what he asked. Don Quixote stood up and said: "I expected no less, sir, from your great magnificence. The boon which I begged and you generously granted me is, that tomorrow you bestow the honour of knighthood upon me. Tonight I shall watch my armour in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you may grant my request, so that I may be qualified to seek adventures in

every part of the globe, and help those in distress, according to the true laws of chivalry."

The host, who was a sharp fellow and had already suspected that his guest was not quite sound in his understanding was now fully convinced of it. He resolved to humour the knight and have some amusement at his expense, so he told him that he was very much in the right in following such a profession and next morning the ceremony would be performed with all proper observances, but as the chapel in the castle had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, he might watch his arms in the court of the castle.

He then asked the knight whether he carried any money with him. "Not a farthing," replied Don Quixote, "since I never read of any knight-errant carrying money about with him."

"You are mistaken," said the inn-keeper, "these things have been taken for granted and no mention of them was thought to be necessary. A supply of money and clean shirts is the regular outfit of all knight-errants. They also carried a box of ointment to heal their wounds, because a surgeon was not always

available to attend to them in fields or deserts where they fought.

Don Quixote promised to follow this advice very carefully, and soon afterwards began his vigil beside his arms in the courtyard of the inn. He had laid his armour on a horse-trough close by a well in the yard, and with his buckler upon his arm and lance in hand, he began to pace up and down with a graceful air.

The inn-keeper had informed all those who were in the house how crazy the knight was and they all came out to watch him. They saw him clearly in the moonlight, walking about with great gravity, and sometimes leaning upon his lance stare at his armour.

While he was thus employed, a carrier who stayed at the inn, came into the yard to water his mules. It was necessary for him to remove the knight's arms from the trough. Seeing him approach to do this, Don Quixote cried out in a loud voice: "Ho, there, whoever you are, rash knight, do not dare to touch the arms of the most valorous knight that ever girded sword, unless you are prepared to pay the penalty of death."

The carrier, however, paid no heed to these threats, and taking hold of the armour by the straps, threw it away a good distance from himself. But it would have been much better for him to have left it alone, for Don Quixote, perceiving this, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts to his lady Dulcinea, he slipped off his buckler, took his lance in both hands and gave the carrier such a blow on the head that he fell to the ground like a log. Nor was a second blow needed, for that would have put him beyond the help of any surgeon. This done, Don Quixote gathered up his armour, laid it again on the horse-trough and resumed his walk backward and forward with the same gravity as before.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came also to water his mules, while the first yet lay on the ground unconscious. But as he moved to shift the armour from the trough, Don Quixote without a word lifted up his lance and broke the second carrier's head in three or four places.

The comrades of those that were wounded, though they were afraid to come near, gave the

knight such a volley of stones that he was forced to shelter himself, as well as he could, under his shield, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper called to the carriers, as loud as he could, to let him alone. Don Quixote also made yet more noise and spoke with such spirit and undauntedness that he struck terror into the hearts of his assailants. Partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's persuasions, they forbore flinging any more stones. He, on his side, permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his arms as calmly as before.

The inn-keeper did not relish these mad tricks of his guest, and determined to get rid of him by giving him the unlucky order of knighthood straight away. Coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness of those vulgar people. They had been sufficiently punished for their rashness, the only thing that remained to be done now was the ceremony of dubbing him knight. He added that the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, might

be performed in the middle of field as well as anywhere, and that he had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms which was sufficiently performed in two hours, whereas he had already done it for four hours

Don Quixote easily believed him and agreed to obey him. The inn-keeper fetched the book in which he used to set down the accounts of straw and barley. He also brought with him the two girls and a boy who held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, and ordered Don Quixote to kneel on the ground. Reading from his account-book, as though he were saying some devout prayer, he lifted up his hand and gave the knight a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword. After this he ordered one of the girls to gird the sword about the knight's waist, which she did with proper gravity, though it was difficult enough to forbear laughing at all this ceremony.

The ceremony over, Don Quixote was impatient to be riding away in search of adventures. He immediately saddled Rozinante, and embracing his host thanked him elaborately and

mounted his horse. The host, in his hurry to get him out of the inn, replied briefly, and without stopping him to pay for his lodging was glad enough to see him go.

CHAPTER III

His First Knightly Adventure

It was about daybreak when Don Quixote sallied out of the inn so satisfied, gay and overjoyed at having been knighted that he infused the same joy into his horse who seemed ready to burst his girths with joy. Recalling the advice of the inn-keeper regarding money and clean shirts, he decided to return home and furnish himself with those necessary supplies and also a squire. With this resolution he turned his horse's head in the direction of his own village, and Rozinante who seemed to understand each mood of his master, converted his amble into a trot, so that his heels hardly seemed to touch the ground.

About midday he reached a place where four roads met. He stood awhile considering which road he should take, in the best manner of the knights of old. At last he left the matter to Rozinante to decide as he pleased.

and the horse took the way that led to his own stable.

Having gone about two miles Don Quixote discovered a company of people riding towards him. These, it appeared afterwards, were merchants of Toledo going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, each with an umbrella, and were accompanied by four servants on horse-back and three muleteers on foot. No sooner had Don Quixote seen them than he imagined this to be some new adventure, such as he had read about in his books.

With a terrible grace and assurance he settled himself firmly in his stirrups and grasping his lance and shield posted himself in the middle of the roadway, waiting for the arrival of the supposed knight-errants. As soon as they came within his hearing, Don Quixote raised his voice and shouted haughtily.

"Let all mankind stand, nor hope to pass further, unless it admits that there is not in the whole world a lady more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

The merchants stopped at these words and scrutinised the strange figure of the knight. Gradually one of them who was somewhat of a wag, spoke to him "Senor cavalier, we do not know this worthy lady you talk of. Let us but see her, and if she be of such great beauty as you say, we shall freely confess the truth you demand from us."

"If I show her to you," said Don Quixote, "what merit would there be in confessing a truth so well-known? The point is that you should believe it, confess, affirm, swear and maintain it without seeing her. If you refuse to do so, I challenge you all to battle, either singly or all together."

"Sir knight," replied the merchant, "I beseech you, in the name of all the princes present here, do not lay a burden upon our conscience by making us confess what we never heard or say. Only show us some portrait of the lady, however small, we shall be satisfied. Nay, we are already so far inclined to your side that, though her picture should represent her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other,

we shall be ready to say in her favour whatever you please."

"Distil, ye infamous scoundrels," replied Don Quixote, 'there distils not from her what you say, but amber and civet. Neither is she defective in her make or shape, but straight as a spindle of Guadarrama. But you shall pay dearly for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so fine a beauty" Saying this, he ran so furiously with his lance raised at the merchant, that had not Rozinante stumbled and fallen, the merchant would have paid dearly for his humour. But Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling and sprawling, unable to get up, so encumbered he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet and the weight of his rusty armour. In this helpless condition, he played the hero with his tongue, crying: "Stay, cowards, rascals, do not fly. 'It is through my horse's fault, not my own, that I lie here."

One of the grooms, who was none too good-natured, hearing the fallen knight thus insolently address his master, came up to him, and snatching his lance, broke it to pieces and belaboured him soundly with one of the pieces. His masters

called to him to stop, but he was roused and would not stop until his passion was exhausted. Don Quixote, meanwhile, lay shouting and calling on heaven and earth to punish these villainous ruffians. At last the mule-driver was tired, and the merchants went on their way. Don Quixote again tried to rise, finding himself alone, but battered and bruised as he was, he could not get up. Still he thought himself a happy man, regarding his misfortune as an accident common to knight-errants.

While he lay thus, unable to move, thinking of similar incidents in the lives of valorous knights, a ploughman who lived in the same village, and near his house, happened to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. Seeing a man lie at full length on the ground, he asked who he was and why he moaned in this fashion. Don Quixote made no reply to him, but mumbled on his favourite passages from old romances. The peasant took off the vizor of the helmet, which had been beaten to pieces, wiped off the dust from his face and in doing so recognized Don Quixote.

"Master Quixada," he cried, for he had been known by this name before he lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman into a knight-errant, "how came your worship to be in this condition?" Don Quixote continued with his romance and still gave no answer to the peasant.

The good man, perceiving this, took off the knight's armour as well as he could, and looked for his wounds. But he found no blood or any other hurt, and tried to raise him from the ground. With great difficulty he seated him upon his own ass, gathered together all the arms, including the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante. Taking the horse by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on towards his village.

They reached their village about sunset, but the peasant stopped at some distance till it was dark, so that the poor gentleman might not be seen by people so shabbily mounted. When they reached the knight's home, they found it in a great uproar. The curate and the barber, both Don Quixote's intimate friends, were there, and the house-keeper was saying to them aloud:

"What do you think,—Senor, of my master's misfortune? Neither he, nor his horse, nor his lance or shield have been seen for the last six days. I am sure, these cursed books of knight errantry, which he was always reading, have turned his brain. And now I remember, I often heard him mutter to himself that he would turn knight-errant and go about the world in search of adventures."

The niece also agreed with her, saying. "It must be so, for my poor uncle would read these books of misadventures for days together. Then drawing his sword he would fence against the walls. When he was tired, he would cry that he had killed four giants as big as steeples. I am to blame for all this, because I did not inform you gentlemen of these extravagances before it was too late. How much trouble it might have saved! These dreadful books all deserve to be burnt."

"I am of the same opinion," said the priest, "and tomorrow they shall be brought to trial and publicly burnt."

The peasant who had heard this talk, now understood what was the matter with Don

Quixote. He shouted to them to open the door, and when they came out, they saw the knight stretched out upon the ass and unable to alight.

"I am sorely hurt through my horse's fault. Carry me to my bed and let me rest," He said.

They carried him to his bed and searched for his wounds, but could find none. Then he told them he was only bruised, and needed only something to eat and to be left alone to rest.

The peasant gave them a full account of the knight's sad condition and of his extravagant talk which increased the curate's desire to destroy the offending books on the morrow.

CHAPTER IV

Don Quixote Loses His Books and Gains a Squire

The knight was still asleep, when the curate came attended by the barber and asked the niece for the keys of the library. She delivered them gladly, and they all went in along with the house-keeper. They found above a hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones.

"Hand them to me one by one," said the priest to the barber, "and I shall see what they are. There may be some that deserve to be saved."

"No," said the niece, "don't spare any of them; every one of them has contributed to the mischief. Throw them all out of the window into the backyard, make a pile of them there and burn them."

The house-keeper joined with her, so eager they both were to destroy these innocents. But the priest would not agree to do this, and decided to read at least the title page of each book.

The first book that the barber put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul*. "This is the first book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain," said the curate, "and I am of opinion that as the first teacher of so harmful a crew, it ought to be condemned to the fire without mercy."

The barber wanted it to be saved as the best book of this kind and the curate agreed to spare it.

The next on the list was the *Exploits of Esplandian*, son of *Amadis*. This was thrown out into the yard to serve as a foundation to the pile which was to blaze presently. After this volume after volume of the knight's cherished collection was thrown into the yard. At last the curate grew so tired of looking into every book that he ordered all the rest to be thrown on the pile without any scrutiny.

That night the house-keeper burnt all the books, not only those in the yard, but all those that were in the house. Many books that deserved to be treasured in archives, shared the fate of their companions, thus proving the truth of the proverb that the just suffer for the unjust.

One of the remedies prescribed by the priest and the barber for their friend's recovery was to wall up the room where the books had been, so that when he got up, he might not find either the books or the room, and they could pretend that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all.

This was done, and two days later when Don Quixote got up, the first thing he did was to visit his books. Not finding the room where it had always been, he walked up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door had been, felt for it with his hands, and stated about everywhere without a word to say. At last he asked the house-keeper what had happened to his library.

"What library?" asked the woman, who had been well tutored, "there is neither room nor books in the house now, for the devil has carried them all away."

"It was not the devil," said the niece, but an enchanter who came one night upon a cloud and alighting from the dragon on which he rode, entered your library, and what he did there, I cannot say. After a while he came out flying

through the roof, and left the house full of smoke. When we went to see what he had been doing, we could find neither books nor the room. We remember though that when he went away, he said loudly that because of a grudge against the owner of the books, he had done the house a mischief which would soon be known."

For a fortnight after this the knight remained quietly at home, without showing any desire to renew his adventures. In the meantime he persuaded a labouring man of his village, a poor honest and simple minded fellow, to attend him on his travels and become his squire. Don Quixote held out great hopes to him of winning some island and making him the governor of it. Lured by these promises, Sancho Panza forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

Then Don Quixote proceeded to collect some money. Selling one thing and pawning another, and losing by all, he at last scraped together a pretty good sum. He borrowed a shield from a friend, patched up his broken helmet as well as he could, and informed Sancho of the day and hour when he intended to set out. He instructed him to furnish himself with whatever he thought

necessary, particularly with a wallet. Sancho promised to get one, and also to take his ass along with him, as he was not used to travelling on foot.

Don Quixote was a little disturbed at the mention of the ass, because he could not remember having read of a knight-errant whose squire rode an ass. No instance of this kind occurred to his mind, but he agreed to Sancho taking the ass with him, resolving that at the first opportunity he would mount him more honourably by unhorsing some discourteous knight.

CHAPTER V

The Adventure of the Windmills.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he had taken the time before. As they jogged along, Sancho Panza said to his master: "I hope your worship has not forgotten the promise you made me about the island I shall be able to govern it, however large it may be."

"You must know, friend", replied the knight "that it has always been the practice of knight-errants to make their squires, governors of the islands or kingdoms which they had conquered. It may happen that before the end of a week I shall conquer some great kingdom and crown you king of it."

As they were talking thus, they saw some thirty windmills standing in a plain. When the knight observed them, he exclaimed, "Fortune directs our affairs better than we could wish. Look there, friend Sancho, they must be at least thirty monstrous giants. I shall

fight them and having taken away their lives, we shall enrich ourselves with their spoils."

"What giants?" asked Sancho.

"Those whom you see yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long-extended arms. Some of them have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they are two leagues in length."

"Oh, Sir," replied Sancho, "those are not giants at all, but windmills, and the arms are only their sails, which turn round, when the wind blows, and make the mills go"

"One can easily see," said Don Quixote, "that you are little acquainted with adventures. They certainly are giants. If you are afraid, please stand aside and say your prayers, while I battle with them."

Saying this, he spurred Rozinante, without paying heed to the cries of Sancho, or discovering what they were, though he was so near them.

"Stand, cowards," he cried loudly, "It is a single knight that assaults you"

Just then the wind rose a little and the sails began to move. Perceiving this the knight cried,

"Though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, I shall make you pay for your arrogance."

Calling on the name of his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure, Don Quixote dashed with lance outstretched against the nearest windmill. The lance was broken into a thousand pieces and the horse and rider were hurled by the sail a good way along the plain. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive, help his master whom he found lying, and unable to stir, so violent a blow he had received.

"Mercy on me" cried Sancho, "did I not tell you that they were windmills? Nobody could think otherwise, unless he had windmills in his head!"

"Peace, good friend," replied the knight, "this is but the fortune of war. I am convinced that the enchanter who stole my study and books transformed these giants into windmills to rob me of the honour of victory. But in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"Heaven grant it may be so," said Sancho Panza and helping his master to rise, 'mounted him once again upon Rozinante who was sadly shaken by his fall.

They went forward again talking of their late adventures, and Don Quixote bemoaning the loss of his lance. But he told Sancho that a certain spanish knight, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak tree, or at least tore down a stout branch and fought so wonderfully with it against the Moors that he won for himself the surname of the pounder or the bruiser. He himself intended to replace his spear with the stout branch of a suitable tree, as soon as he could find one.

"I believe it all," cried Sancho, "because your worship says so. But pray, sit upright in your saddle if you can. You are sitting all hunchen up, which perhaps is due to the bruises received by you in your fall."

"That is so," replied Don Quixote, and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because no knight-errant is supposed to complain of any wounds, however serious."



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"Then I have nothing more say," said Sancho; "though I should be glad to hear your worship tell me, when anything ails you. As for myself, I must cry out when I am hurt; unless this custom of not complaining extends to the squires of knight-errants."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of Sancho, and said to him, "When you are hurt, you may cry out as often and as much as you please."

Sancho was hungry by this time and enquired of the knight, whether it was not yet time for dinner. Don Quixote answered that he might eat, whatever he pleased; he himself was not hungry. Sancho adjusted himself, as best as he could, upon his ass and taking out some victuals from his wallet, ate lustily and now and then drank from his bottle with great relish.

They passed the night under some trees, and Don Quixote tore a withered branch from one of them, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of his broken lance.

"Brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "We shall now meet many adventures. But remem-

ber one thing; though you should see me in the greatest extremity of danger, you must not offer to draw your sword in defence of me, unless you see me attacked by base scoundrels or common people."

"I shall obey your worship, because I have always loved peace and quiet, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels," replied Sancho.

CHAPTER VI

Rescues a Lady in Trouble.

The next day they saw two monks of the order of St. Benedict coming towards them. They were mounted on huge mules, wore riding-masks with glasses at the eyes to protect them from the dust, and carried umbrellas to shelter them from the sun. Behind them came a coach, with four or five men on horse-back and two muleteers on foot accompanying it. There was in the coach, as it was, known afterwards, a certain Biscaine lady going to Seville to meet her husband. The monks were not in her company, though they were travelling the same road.

Scarcely had Don Quixote perceived the monks, when he said to his squire: "Either I am much deceived, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that ever was known. For undoubtedly those two black things that are moving towards us must be enchanters who are carrying away by force some princess in that coach. It shall be my duty to prevent so great an injury."

"I am afraid this will prove a worse job than the windmills. Pray, Sir, don't you see they are Benedictine monks, and very likely the coach belongs to some travellers." Said Sancho.

"I have already told you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "you are miserably ignorant in the matter of adventures. What I say is true, and you will find it so presently."

So saying, he spurred on his horse and posted himself in the middle of the road where the monks were to pass. When they came within hearing, he shouted: "Agents of Hell, release those high-born princesses you are carrying away violently in that coach, or prepare for instant death as the just punishment for your wicked deeds."

The monks stopped their mules, astonished by the figure of Don Quixote as well as his speech.

"Sir knight" cried they, "we are no such persons as you term us, but travelling men of the order of St. Benedict, travelling about on our own business, and are wholly ignorant whether any princesses are being carried away by force or not in that coach."

"I am not to be deceived by fair words," replied Don Quixote ; "I know you well enough, treacherous scoundrels." And immediately, without waiting for a further reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and with his lance poised ran so furiously at the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself off his mule, the knight would certainly have killed or grievously wounded him.

The other, seeing his companion treated in this manner, spurred his mule and rode across the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began to strip him immediately. But in the meantime the two muleteers who waited on the monks, came up and asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes ? Sancho answered that they belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote.

The servants, who did not possess any humour nor understand what he meant by spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance talking with those in the coach, threw him down

and leaving him not a hair on his chin, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. Without losing a minute the monk got upon his mule again, frightened out of his wits and as pale as a ghost, and spurred after his friend who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the outcome of that strange adventure, but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the Devil had been close at their heels.

Don Quixote in the meantime had stood talking with the lady in the coach. "Lady" cried he, "you are now at liberty to do as you please, your enemies lie prostrate in the dust overthrown by my arm."

Hearing this talk the lady's usher, a Biscainer rushed at Don Quixote and taking hold of his lance, cried: "Begone, knight, and the devil go with you. If you do not quit the coach, you will lose your life as sure as I am a Biscainer."

Don Quixote answered with great calmness: "If you were a gentleman, which you are not, you would have paid for your insolence long ago."

"I no gentlemen!" exclaimed the Biscainer, "you lie, as I am a Christian."

Don Quixote drew his sword, and grasping buckler, attacked the Biscainer, fully determined to kill him. The Biscainer had time only to draw his sword and snatch a cushion from the coach to serve him as a shield. Then they closed, as if they were mortal enemies.

The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they were helpless. The Biscainer swore in his gibberish that he would kill anybody who came in his way, and sought to hinder him. The lady in the coach was very much frightened by what she saw and bid her coachman drive out of harm's way.

After the furious combat had raged for a while, a blow from the Biscainer carried off a great part of the Don's helmet and half an ear. The knight was furious at this fate befalling him and struck such a terrible blow at the Biscainer that it well-nigh rendered him unconscious. The battle ended with the Biscainer's mule running away with him and the ladies of the coach interceding with Don Quixote on behalf of their squire.

By this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs and stood watching his master engaged in combat. He prayed to heaven for victory, so that he might win some island and be made governor of it. At last finding that the battle was over and his master was ready to mount Rozinante again, he ran forward and held the stirrup. Falling upon his knees he said to Don Quixote: "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to make me the governor of the island which you have won in this dreadful fight."

"Brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "these are not adventures of islands. These are encounters on the road, which get you nothing but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience, and we will have some adventure which will make you not only a governor, but something better."

CHAPTER VII

Don Quixote and the Goatherds.

Don Quixote's ear pained him a great deal and he was sore because of the damage to his helmet. He swore to punish the Biscainer severely, if he met him again and decided to acquire a fresh helmet by overcoming the first knight he met.

Sancho said to him, "there are no knights or armed men on this road, only carriers and carters and such-like folk who know nothing about such things as helmets, much less wear them."

"You are wrong," replied the Don; "I am sure we shall shortly see as many armed men as came to the famous siege of Albracca."

Don Quixote was also feeling hungry by, now and enquired of Sancho, whether he had anything in his wallet which they could eat.

"I have an onion and a piece of cheese, and some crusts of bread," replied Sancho, "but they are not food fit for such a brave knight as your worship."

"How ill you understand these matters!" said Don Quixote; "It is the glory of knight-errants not to eat for a whole month or so. And if they do eat, it must be what comes next to hand."

"I beg your worship's pardon," said Sancho Panza, "I am entirely ignorant of the ways of knights, but from now on I shall furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for you, because you are a knight. As for myself, I shall have some poultry and such other substantial food"

They ate their meal peacefully together and then hurried on to find a sleeping place for the night. But night overtook them and they had to take their lodging with some goatherds.

The goatherds gave them a kind reception, and Sancho Panza, having accomodated Rozinante and his ass as best as he could, followed the attractive smell of some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle over the fire. Sancho would willingly have tried, whether they were fit to be removed out of the kettle into the stomach, but the forebore; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and spreading

some sheep-skins on the ground, invited them both to partake of what they had. For Don Quixote they placed a trough upside down, and themselves squatted down on the skins.

The goatherds ate heartily and listened to the knightly jargon of their guests and stared at them, while they swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The first course being over, they spread the second consisting of dried acorns and half a cheese as hard as a brick. The horn was by no means idle all this while, and went round so often, sometimes full and sometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well, that presently they had emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating, but Sancho was silent, stuffing himself with acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag which for the sake of coolness was hung upon a neighbouring tree. After supper was over, one of the goatherds sang a song to entertain the knight. Don Quixote entreated him to sing another, but Sancho Panza was sleepy and said to his master, "Sir, you had better consider where you are to lie down tonight."

"I understand you, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "and indeed I know that your frequent visits to the wine-bag would make you fonder of sleep than of music. Go and lie down where you please, as for me, it becomes a man of my profession better to watch than to sleep. But please dress my ear before you go, because it pains me extremely."

One of the goatherds, beholding the wound as Sancho Panza proceeded to dress it, asked the knight not to be uneasy, because he knew a remedy that would quickly heal it. Taking a few rosemary leaves, which grew abundantly all round, he crushed them and mixing them with a little salt, applied them to the ear and bound them very fast, assuring him he needed no other remedy; and so it proved.

Next morning having said farewell to the goatherds, Don Quixote and his squire came to a wood and camped in a meadow whose spring-green, watered by a delightful river, invited them to alight and rest from the blazing sun. Leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large they ransacked the wallet and made a hearty meal.

While they were busy with their meal, some carriers fell upon Rozinante and so belaboured him that he sank to the ground under their blows. Don Quixote and Sancho ran with all speed to his rescue; the knight drawing his sword flew at the carriers and Sancho, emboldened by his master's example, did likewise.

The first blow dealt by Don Quixote cut the leather doublet of the victim and slashed his shoulder. Surrounding the knight and his squire the carriers charged them with great fury. Down came poor Sancho and then Don Quixote himself. The carriers, fearing the consequences of their wickedness, made all the haste they could, leaving the two adventurers in a pitiable condition.

Gradually they recovered and painfully made their way towards the high road.

CHAPTER VIII

Done Quixote and the Sheep.

Presently they reached an inn which Don Quixote thought was a castle. The inn keeper came out to receive them, and provided the knight with a miserable bed in a garret. But the hostess and her daughter, seeing how badly bruised he was, anointed and plastered him all over.

Next morning, Don Quixote, feeling much better, was eager to ride out again in search of adventures. He regarded as lost all time spent in amusements or other concerns. He now called the master of the house and said: "My lord governor, the favours I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary that I am bound in eternal gratitude to you."

"Sir knight," answered the inn-keeper, "all that I desire is that you pay your bill for the lodging and food which you, your squire and your two beasts have had at my inn."

"An inn!" cried Don Quixote, "Upon my

honour I thought it was a castle. But if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is that you must excuse me from paying anything. It is against all the laws of knight-errantry to pay for any entertainment received by them."

"I have nothing to do with all this," said the inn-keeper; "pay your reckoning and don't trouble me with foolish talk. I can't afford to keep house at this rate.

"You are both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper," replied Don Quixote. And clapping spurs to Rozinante and brandishing his spear, he rode out of the inn without any opposition.

The host seized Sancho and tried to make him pay the score. But Sancho was as obstinate as his master. The law that acquitted the knight, also acquitted the squire, he said.

The inn-keeper was very angry, and threatened Sancho with dire punishment. As ill-luck would have it, there happened to be at the inn some clothiers, needle-makers, and butchers, rough, merry fellows who overheard this dispute. They surrounded Sancho, pulled him off his ass and put him into a blanket. They carried

him into the yard, and there they tossed him up and down, until Don Quixote heard his cries and returned to his rescue

Finding the gate shut, he rode about to see whether he could find some other way to get in. But all he could do was to see his squire rising and falling in the air, and he himself would have laughed heartily at the sight, had he not been too angry to do so. He fumed and raged, but the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed. At last tired and weary, they set Sancho upright on the earth again, lifted him upon his ass, carefully wrapped his cloak around him, threw open the gate and let him go.

He joined his master, sore in body, but very pleased at least on one point, that he had got off without paying his reckoning. True, the inn-keeper had kept his wallet, but in his haste and confusion Sancho had never missed it

"My dear Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I am fully convinced that this castle or inn was enchanted. What else could they be except spirits of the other world who made such cruel sport of you?"



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"They were neither enchanted folk nor spirits, but men of flesh and blood like you and me," replied Sancho; "these adventures which we hunt for up and down are likely to bring us many more troubles. I rather think we should get back home and look after our harvest."

"A day will come when you will be convinced how honourable a calling ours is," said the knight; "what pleasure in the world can equal that of vanquishing one's enemy and triumphing over him?"

Thus they went on discoursing, when Don Quixote saw a great cloud of dust coming towards them. They climbed a neighbouring hill to observe it better. "The day is come," said Don Quixote, turning to his squire, "then Fortune's face will smile upon me. Do you see that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by the feet of many armies who march this way.

"At this rate there must be two armies," said Sancho, "for here comes just another such cloud of dust behind us."

Don Quixote turned to view it and rejoiced more than ever, firmly believing that two armies

were ready to engage each other in the plain. His mind was so full of battles, enchantments, adventures, and the like that his fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see.

The cloud of dust he saw was in reality raised by two flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and the dust hid them from view, until they were quite near.

Don Quixote was so positive that they were two armies that Sancho had at last to believe him.

"Well, sir," asked he, "what are we to do?"

"What should we do," replied Don Quixote, "but assist the weaker and the injured side." The knight then engaged in an elaborate description of the two kings who commanded the armies, the knights who followed them, and the cause of the fight between them.

Sancho listened to his master, mute with amazement. Now and then he turned his head about to see whether he could discover the knights and giants named by his master. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, not a knight or giant

can I see anywhere. Perhaps it is all enchantment, like last night's goblins."

"What, Sancho," said the knight "do you not hear the neighing of their horses, the sound of the trumpets, the rattle of drums?"

"I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs." And this was true indeed, for now the two flocks were very near them.

"It is fear, Sancho," said the knight, "which prevents your seeing or hearing aright. If you are so afraid, stand aside and leave me alone. I shall give victory with my single arm to the side favoured by me."

Saying this he dug his Spurs into Rozinante and darted down the hill like lightning. Sancho shouted after him as loudly as he could: "Hold, sir, for heavens's sake come back. They are but poor, harmless sheep. Come back I say."

But Don Quixote rode on, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of Sancho and rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, scattering them hither and thither and trampling over many of them.

The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks, called out to him, but seeing it was to no purpose, they unfastened their slings and began to hurl stones at him as big as their fists.

Don Quixote did not mind their stones and rushed about among the routed sheep, trampling over both the living and the dead in a most terrible manner, and calling upon the enemy general to surrender. At this instant a large and well-directed stone struck him in the ribs and almost knocked the breath out of his body. Don Quixote thought he was killed, or at least desperately wounded. In the meantime another stone hit him on the jaw and carried off several of his teeth. These blows were so violent that he fell from his saddle, quite stunned. The shepherds, fearing that they had killed him, collected their flocks, gathered up the dead beasts, and hastily fled.

All this while Sancho had stood upon the hill, tearing his hair and bemoaning his master's folly. But seeing him fallen, and the shepherds already departed, he ventured to come down, and saw that his master was in a sad plight.

"Ah! master," said he, "did I not tell you, it was a flock of sheep and no army? This comes of not taking my advice."

"Friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "it is an easy matter for enchanters to change the shape of things as they please."

Don Quixote got up with great difficulty, and clapping his left hand before his mouth so that the rest of his teeth might not drop out, he laid his right hand on Rozinante's bridle. Finding Sancho thoroughly disconsolate he said to him:

"Friend Sancho, all these stones and hurricanes are indications of the approaching calm. Better success will soon follow our past calamities."

CHAPTER IX

Don Quixote acquires a Helmet

They struck the high-road again, and presently the knight saw a man on horseback advancing towards them. He wore on his head something that glittered like gold. Don Quixote had no sooner seen him, but turning to his squire, he said. "Tell me, Sancho, don't you see that knight coming towards us with a helmet of gold on his head? I believe, there is no proverb that is not true. Every one of them is full of wisdom from real life. There is one that says, where one door shuts, another opens. Last night fortune deceived us, this morning she offers amends to us. In short, yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet. You may remember the vow I made concerning it?"

"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho "is a man on a grey ass like mine with something that glitters on his head."

"Stand aside, and let me deal with him. I shall finish this adventure in no time, and the helmet, I have so much wanted, shall be mine."

"You may be sure" said Sancho, "I shall stand at a distance. I only hope, it may not prove to be another adventure like that of the windmills."

"No more talk of windmills," cried the irritated knight, "or I shall mill thee." This threat effectively silenced Sancho.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed and the knight was this. There were in that neighbourhood two villages, one of them so small that it had neither a barber nor a shop in it, and the barber of the adjoining village had to serve both. On the particular occasion he was going to the little village to perform a necessary shave and blood-letting, and according to his custom, was taking his brass basin with him. As it began to rain along the way, he had clapped the basin on his head to save his new hat from being ruined. The basin, having been freshly polished, glittered like gold a great distance off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho had noticed, but to the romantic knight it seemed that he was a golden-helmet knight riding upon a grey charger.

When he saw the poor imaginary knight drawing near, he fixed his lance to his thigh and without stopping to argue the case with him, flew at him as fiercely as Roz'nante could gallop, resolved to pierce him through and through. In the middle of his headlong career he shouted: "Defend yourself, ^{poor}wretch, or surrender what is so justly my due!"

The barber who saw this terrible figure bearing down upon him, had no other way to avoid being run through and through except tumbling down from his ass to the ground. No sooner had he touched the ground, when leaping up limbler than a monkey, he took to his heels and dashed across the fields swifter than the wind. He left the basin on the ground, which Don Quixote picked up with great satisfaction and clapped on his own head. Turning it round to find the vizor, and finding that it had none, he exclaimed: "Doubtless, the pagan for whom it was first made, had an enormous head; and the worst of it is that one half of it is missing."

Sancho could not ^{each} forbear laughing, when he heard the basin being described as a helmet, but remembering his master's anger checked himself.

"Why do you laugh, Sancho?" asked the knight.

"I laugh to think what a huge head that pagan must have had to wear a helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's basin." He answered.

"I will tell you what," said Don Quixote, "this famous enchanted helmet must surely have fallen into the hands of some one who did not know its true value, and finding it to be of the purest gold, he melted down one half of it, and out of the other has made this which does look like a barber's basin indeed, as you say. But that does not matter to me who knows its real worth. I shall have it properly made, with a vizor, in the next town where we find an armourer. In the meantime, I shall wear it as it is, for something is better than nothing, and it will at least protect my head against stones."

They breakfasted upon ^{what was left over} from supper and quenched their thirst at a nearby stream. Their hunger satisfied, they got up again on their ^{horses} mounts and without deciding to follow any particular road, were guided by

Rozinante's discretion, as is the custom of the best knight errants. They soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

Soon afterwards they met a string of prisoners tied to a chain by the neck, one behind the other. They were guarded by two horsemen, armed with carbines, and two men on foot with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho saw them, he cried. "Look, sir, here is a gang of slaves being hurried away by main force to serve the king."

The chain of slaves drawing near by this time, Don Quixote very courteously asked the guards, why those poor people were being led along in that manner.

"One of the horsemen replied. "They are criminals condemned to serve the king in his galleys. You need enquire no further."

Don Quixote conceived it to be his duty to liberate the unfortunate prisoners. "Heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free suffering weakness from tyranny and oppression," he exclaimed, "I take these men

under my protection, and I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release them."

"This is a queer joke," cried the officer, "do you want us to set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had the authority to do it, or you to command it? Go about your business, sir knight, and meddle no further in what does not concern you, for those who play with cats, must expect to be scratched."

"You are a cat and rat, and a coward to boot", said Don Quixote, and with that he attacked the officer with such sudden fury that before he could defend himself he was struck down dangerously wounded. His companions stood astonished at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords. He might have had the worst of the encounter, had not the prisoners taken the opportunity to break their chain and come to his rescue. Surrounded from all sides, the guards scattered and fled along the plain.

The prisoners gathered round the knight to know his pleasure. "All the recompense I desire of you," said Don Quixote, "is that you travel immediately to Toboso and present yourselves

before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso and give her a true account of the valorous deed of her faithful knight." This the prisoners refused to do. Words rose high and at last the miscreants began to pelt stones at the knight and his squire. As soon as Don Quixote fell down, they rushed at him, beat him with the basin, stripped him of his clothes, and treating Sancho in a similar fashion, disappeared from the field.

CHAPTER X

Don Quixote's Penance

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill-treated said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do a kindness to clowns, is like throwing water into the sea."

"Let us depart quickly from this place and get into the mountains, because the gaurds will soon be returning here with more of their 'fraternity,'" said Sancho.

Don Quixote, without any further reply, mounted Rozinante and along with Sancho made his way towards the heights of Sierra Morena. Here the squire hoped to hide themselves for a few days from the terrible eyes of the law.

They travelled for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho waited with great impatience for his master to begin, not daring to speak first since his strict injunction to silence. But at last he spoke out: "Good your worship, let me be gone, so that I may get home to my wife and children, where I may speak as much as I please."

"I understand, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you wish to exercise your speaking faculty. I

am willing to free your tongue from the restraint I had imposed on it "

After long wanderings among the mountains and long talks about chivalry and tales of great knightly loves, one day Don Quixote informed Sancho that he was going to undertake a severe penance that would surprise the whole world.

"Sancho," said he, "I intend to remain here awhile and perform a feat that will be a wonder for ages to come Like Amadis I shall perform a lengthy penance and thus reach the very perfection of knighthood "

This discourse brought them to the foot of a high rock which stood by itself. By its side was a purling stream that wound its way through a meadow This site was chosen by the knight for his penance

"O heavens," cried he, "here shall my tears swell the crystal stream and my sighs move the leaves of these shady tree Ye rural deities, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover whom a long absence from his beloved has driven to these regions of despair."

Saying this he alighted, and taken off his horse's bridle and saddle, gave it a clap on the

posteriors and exclaimed. "Go, Rozinante, he that has lost his freedom, gives thee thine. Go where you please."

Deciding to be thoroughly out of his wits with love, Don Quixote entrusted the following letter to his squire to be presented to Lady Dulcinea :

"High and sovereign lady !

He that is stabbed to the quick with the dagger of absence, and wounded to the heart with love's piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants himself. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes, I must at last sink under the pressure of my woes, though much inured to sufferings : for my pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty squire, Sancho, will give you an exact account of the condition to which love and you have reduced me. If you relent at last, and pity my distress, then I may live. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit, and by ceasing to breathe, satisfy your cruelty and my passion.

Yours till death,
The knight of the Woeful figure."

Rozinante was saddled at once, and Sancho mounted him and road away towards Toboso, leaving his master behind cutting capers half-naked and mad with grief.

After riding all day Sancho early next morning reached the same inn where he had been tossed in a blanket. Though he was hungry and tired, he had a mind to ride on, but just then two men happened to come out of the inn. They recognized him immediately and he them. They were the curate and the barber. They called to Sancho and asked him where he had left his master. He gave them a full account of the knight's adventure and his latest freak. To his horror Sancho discovered that the letter to Lady Dulcinea had been left behind in the hurry and bustle of departure

Luckily he remembered it by heart and the curate promised to inscribe it for him. The priest and the barber wondered at the folly of master and man, and decided that Don Quixote should be brought home from the dark mountain as soon as possible.

After Sancho had rested and fed, all three set off for the place where the squire had left his master. The curate proposed to disguise himself as a lady in distress and the barber as her squire. They would invoke the help of Don Quixote against a wicked knight who had been persecuting the lady. They were certain that this scheme would work and draw Don Quixote away from his penance. On the way they met a lady who undertook, to oblige them and address Don Quixote as they desired. This saved the curate from the unpleasant necessity of a disguise.

Sancho Panza had preceded them with a supposed reply from Lady Dulcinea. Don Quixote was half-starved already and had grown very feeble, but he was not willing to give up his penance, until he had performed some noble exploit worth of Lady Dulcinea.

In the meantime the distressed Lady's party had arrived and she rode forward to where Don Quixote was. Gracefully advancing towards the knight she fell on her knees before him and would not rise, till the knight had assured her of his help.

"Sir," said the lady, "the boon that I beg of you is that you may be pleased to come with me at once, and promise not to engage in any other adventure, till you have revenged me on a traitor who usurps my kingdom."

The Don was much moved by her story and promised to do all that she desired. He called to Sancho for his arms and getting ready in a few moments, cried "Come on, let us go forward and vindicate the rights of this distressed princess."

As they reached the high road, the curate who had stayed back, rushed towards Don Quixote with open arms, crying "Mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman! How overjoyed I am to find you!" The knight was equally pleased, to meet his old friend and they proceeded together on the road.

They rested for a few days at the same inn where Sancho Panza had been tossed in a blanket. Here the curate and the barber hired a wagon that happened to be passing, and improvising a cage, bound the knight and forcibly carried him away to his village, the distressed lady departing on her own business in a different direction.

CHAPTER XI

His Visit to Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

For a whole month Don Quixote rested at his own house to which he had been confined. He did not recognize either his house-keeper or his niece, so greatly was he affected by his adventures and his hardships. He considered himself a prisoner of war and was content with the treatment meted out to him by his enemies.

All this while the priest and the barber kept away from him, wishing to give him time to recover both in body and mind from his late adventures. They feared, their presence might remind him of his former extravagances and renew them.

However, they enquired about his health every day from his niece and house-keeper and charged them to be very careful of him. At last they reported that he seemed to be in his right senses. The curate and the barber were very pleased to hear this, and one day paid him a visit to test the progress of his cure.

The poor gentleman was so withered and wasted that he looked like a mere mummy. He received them very politely, and when they enquired about his health, gave them an account of his condition, expressing himself very handsomely and with a great deal of judgement. At last the conversation turned to the topic of knight-errantry and they discovered that upon this subject alone his wits went completely astray.

About this time Don Quixote was introduced to a scholar named Samson Carrasco who had just taken the degree of bachelor of arts from the University of Salamanca. He told the knight that the world was already ringing with the fame of his exploits, and his adventures were being put into books.

Don Quixote was soon preparing for further adventures and Sancho Panza expressed his willingness to join him. They were advised by Samson Carrasco to take the road to Saragossa in the kingdom of Aragon, where the festival of St. George was shortly to take place. There the knight might win immortal fame by defeating all the knights of Aragon.

The knight's niece and house-keeper guessed that he was ready for a fresh venture. They endeavoured in every possible way to divert him from his foolish design, but to no purpose.

One fine evening Don Quixote and his squire left the village without being seen by anybody except their friend, the scholar. They took the road to Toboso, the knight mounted on Rozinante and Sancho on his ass.

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I find, the approaching night will soon overtake us, ere we can reach Toboso where I am resolved to pay my compliments and take my leave of Lady Dulcinea before undertaking any further adventures. Nothing in the world inspires a knight-errant so much as the smiles and favourable aspect of his mistress."

"I am of your mind," said Sancho, "but I am afraid, sir, you will hardly come at her, speak with her and have her blessing, unless she throws it over the mud wall of the yard, where I first saw her when I took to her the news of your madness."

"Mud wall, you say," cried the knight ;

"mistaken fool, that wall could have no existence but in your muddy understanding."

"It may be so," replied Sancho, "but so far as I can remember, it seemed to me neither better nor worse than a mud wall."

"Tis no matter," said the knight. "let us go there, I will visit my dear Dulcinea. Let me but see her, though it be over a mud wall, through a chink of a cottage, or the fence of a garden, or a latticed window or anywhere."

The dark night was half over when they descended from a hill and entered Toboso. Silence reigned over the whole town, and the inhabitants were all asleep and stretched out at their ease. Nothing disturbed the general tranquillity except now and then the barking of dogs. Sometimes an ass brayed, hogs' grunted, cats mewed.

Turning to his squire Don Quixote said, "My dear Sancho, show me the way to Dulcinea's palace, perhaps we may find her still awake"

Sancho was very much disturbed in mind, because he had neither seen Dulcinea nor her palace, and did not know what reply to make "What

palace do you mean?" he cried; "when I saw her highness, she was in a paltry little cottage."

"Stay," said the knight, "either my eyes delude me, or that lofty, gloomy structure which I see yonder, is her palace."

"Well, lead on, sir," said the squire.

The knight led on, and having ridden a hundred paces further, came at last to the building which he took for Dulcinea's palace, but found it to be the chief church of the town.

"Sancho," said he, "I find this is a church."

"I see, it is," replied the squire, "and I pray the lord, we have not found our graves. It is a bad sign to haunt churchyards at this time of the night."

A farmer with two mules now happened to pass them, and by the noise of the plough that was being dragged along, they guessed it was some country labourer going out before day to his field.

"Good morrow, honest friend," said the knight, "can you inform me which is the palace of the peerless princess, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Sir," said the fellow, "I am a stranger, and but lately come into this town. I am ploughman to a rich farmer." With this he departed, waiting for no more questions.

Sancho, perceiving his master in suspense and not very well satisfied said, "Sir, the day comes on, and I don't think it would be very pleasant for us to be stared at and sit sunning ourselves in the street. We had better slip out of town again and go to some wood hard by. I will come back and search every nook and corner in the town for this house, castle or palace of my lady's."

"Dear Sancho," said the knight, "I approve and accept your advice. Let us go and find a convenient retreat in some neighbouring grove."

They found a small wood about two miles away from the town where Don Quixote took shelter, bidding Sancho find Lady Dulcinea and not return till he had seen her and delivered her the knight's message.

No sooner was Sancho out of the grove and perceived his master out of sight, but he dismounted, and lying down at the foot of a tree, took counsel with himself. "Friend Sancho,"

said he to himself, "where do you suppose you are going? You are looking for a great beauty, a princess. And where do you expect to find her? Why, in the great city of Toboso. But do you know where she lives? And have you ever seen her? I may as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay, or for a scholar at Salamanca, as for Dulcinea all over the town of Toboso."

Such was the soliloquy of Sancho and he decided to inform his master that the first country-lass he saw was lady Dulcinea. His master being stark mad, believing wind-mills to be giants, flocks of sheep to be armies and a barber's basin to be a helmet, could easily mistake a country-girl for his lady Dulcinea. "If he won't believe me, I will swear it. If he swear again, I will outswear him. If he be positive, I shall be more positive than he. He will then send me no more on such fool's errands, or else believe that some wicked enchanter who owes him a grudge, has changed her into a country-girl out of spite for him."

Having thus composed his mind, Sancho stayed where he was till the evening, and took his ease. As he rose to mount his ass, he saw

three country-girls coming towards him from Toboso upon three young asses. As soon as Sancho observed them, he made all haste to get to his master whom he found sighing and groaning.

"Well, my Sancho," said the knight, "what news?"

"You have no more to do than clap spurs to Rozinante and get into the open fields," said Sancho, "and you will see my lady Dulcinea del Toboso with two of her maids coming to see your worship."

"Blessed heaven," cried Don Quixote, "what are you saying, my dear Sancho?"

"Come, Sir," replied Sancho, "seeing is believing all the world over. You may see over there our lady princess, dressed up and bedecked like her own sweet self indeed. Her damsels and she are all one spark of gold. They ride upon three gambling hags, the finest I have ever seen."

"You mean ambling nags," said Don Quixote.

"Gambling hags, or ambling nags, what does it matter?" quoth Sancho, "They are the finest creatures I ever saw."

By now they were out of the wood and saw

the three country-lasses at a small distance. Don Quixote, looking beyond them towards Toboso, and seeing nobody else on the road, was very much troubled in his mind. Turning to Sancho, he enquired, whether the princess and the damsels had come out of the city when he left them.

"Out of the city," cried Sancho, "Where are your eyes? Are they in your heels that you can't see them coming towards you shining as bright as the sun at noon?"

"I see nothing," replied Don Quixote, "but three wenches upon as many asses"

"Now heaven deliver me from the devil!" said Sancho, "Is it possible your worship should mistake three ambling nags, as white as driven snow, for three ragged asses?"

"Take it from me, friend Sancho," said the knight, "they are asses, as sure as I am Don Quixote and you Sancho Panza. At least they appear to be so."

"Come, sir," said Sancho, "don't talk in this fashion, but clear your eyes and pay your homage to the mistress of your soul."

Saying this Sancho rode forward, and falling on his knees addressed the one who was riding in the middle. "O queen, and princess and Duchess of beauty Be gracious to yonder knight, your prisoner and captive, who has turned all of a sudden into cold marble-stone to find himself in the presence of your highness. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he himself is the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the woeful figure." *(Sighs)*

Don Quixote, was by now kneeling by his squire's side but he looked with doubtful and troubled eyes at her, finding her to be a plain country-girl, flat nosed, plump and wide-mouthed. He could not utter a word, so amazed he was.

The girls in their turn stared at these strange figures kneeling before them. At last she, who was addressed by Sancho, spoke angrily: "Get out of our way and let us proceed. We are in a hurry."

"O fair princess and queen of Toboso!" answered Sancho, "does not your great heart melt to see the flower of knight-errantry down before you on his knees?" *(Sighs)*

"How these small gentry-folk come to jeer and mock at poor country-girls," said another of the wenches, "as if we cannot give them as good as we get. Go, get about your business, and let us go about our own."

"Rise Sancho," said Don Quixote hearing this, "I am now convinced that Fortune still frowns on me and my troubles are not yet over. A spiteful enchanter persecutes me and dims my eyes, so that her peerless beauty appears to me in the disguise of rustic deformity."

"Stuff and nonsense," said the girl, "keep your breath to cool your porridge, and let us go."

Sancho made way for her, overjoyed with the success of his plan. The girls hurriedly retreated, whipping up their asses, as soon as they found themselves free.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they had disappeared out of sight, turned to his squire. "Now, Sancho, what think you of this matter?" asked he. "Are not these base enchanters inexorable? How spiteful they are to deprive me of the happiness of seeing my good lady in her own shape and form? I am

the most unfortunate man in the universe.
must repeat it a thousand times "

Sancho Panza could hardly forbear laughing
and keep his countenance. At last they both
mounted again and took the road to Saragossa,
desirous of participating in the celebrated festival.

CHAPTER XII

A Knightly Encounter

Don Quixote rode on his way, very melancholy, thinking of the malice of the magicians in transforming his Dulcinea, and racking his brains to discover how he could restore her to her former beauty. He abandoned himself to sorrow, letting Rozinante proceed as he pleased.

Sancho consoled him as best as he could, but to little purpose. They spent the night under some lofty trees. Here they supped on the provisions of Sancho's wallet and talked together for a long time, until Sancho felt sleepy and dropped off. It was not long before master and man were awakened by noise behind them. They were two horsemen alighting in the grove for rest and pasture.

One of them lay down on the grass and in doing so his armour rattled. Don Quixote understood that he too was a wandering knight and prepared himself for an adventure. The new-comer had a melancholy manner and soon began

to hum a sad love-song. Then he heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed aloud: "O the most beautiful, but most ungrateful of womankind, Casildea de Vandalia, how is it possible that your heart should suffer that a knight who worships you, should waste the flower of his youth and kill himself with continual wanderings and fatigue? Is it not enough that all the knights of the world have acknowledged you to be the greatest beauty in the world?"

Don Quixote was very annoyed to hear this and told Sancho that the knight was out of his senses. Hearing their voices the knight ceased his lamentations and asked in a loud but courteous tone: "Who is there? Who are you? Are you among the happy or the miserable?"

"Of the miserable," replied Don Quixote, at once

"Come here then," said the knight of the wood, "and be assured that you have met misery and affliction itself."

"Upon so moving and polite an invitation, Don Quixote and Sancho drew near him, and the mournful knight taking Don Quixote by the

hand, said : "Sit down and let us talk together of our troubles and sorrows."

They sat close by on the hard ground very peaceably and lovingly, not at all like men who by day-break would be smashing each other's head. The two squires also chatted together at some distance from their masters, though their dialogue was as comical as that of their masters was serious. Having talked and drunk wine the two squires fell asleep, still clutching the empty bottle between them.

Meantime the knight of the wood informed Don Quixote thus : "I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she is singular in the greatness of her stature, as well as in that of her state and beauty. But this lady has not been pleased to take any notice of my honourable passion and ever employs me in more and more perilous adventures. After a succession of numberless labours, I do not know which of her commands shall be the last and crown my lawful wishes. By her orders I challenged the famous giantess La Giralda of Seville who is as strong and undaunted as one made of brass. I went, I saw and overcame. Another

time she ordered me to remove the ancient stones of the sturdy bulls of Guisando, a task more suitable to the arms of porters than of knights. By her command I dived into a cavern and brought her an account of the wonders of that dark cavity. Finally, she has asked me to proclaim her the first lady in the land and compel all knight-errants to acknowledge it. My task is now nearly concluded, since in one of my encounters I overthrew the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha and made him acknowledge the superiority of my Casildea's beauty over that of his Dulcinea."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the knight run on in this fashion, but restraining himself he said calmly

"Sir knight, I do not doubt that you have vanquished all the knights in Spain, but give me leave to doubt that you have vanquished Don Quixote de la Mancha. It might be some one like him, though he is a person whom few can resemble,"

"What do you mean?" answered the other. "I tell you I fought Don Quixote and overthrew him. He is a tall, lanky, grizzled fellow and wears long, black moustaches. If you doubt my

words any further, I shall have to use my sword to make you believe me."

"Calm yourself, Sir," replied Don Quixote, "and listen to me. You see Don Quixote de la Mancha in person before you and ready to maintain his words with his arms, either on foot or horseback, or in whatever manner you think best."

And saying this, up he sprang and laid his hand on his sword. But the other knight answered calmly :

"Darkness is not the proper setting for a knightly combat. Let the sun be witness of our valour. The conditions of our combat shall be that the conquered shall be wholly at the mercy of the conqueror."

"Content," said Don Quixote, "I like these terms very well."

They went and woke up their squires, asking them to get their horses ready, for with the first ray of the rising sun they would close in a mortal combat. The strange knight's squire told Sancho that they too would have to fight together and second their master's efforts. But Sancho declined to take a part in the fight.

When the sun rose, the two knights were ready for their encounter. Don Quixote studied his adversary who was well-built though not very tall. Over his armour he wore a coat that looked like cloth of gold overspread with little mirrors cut in the shape of half moons. A large plume of yellow, green and white feathers waved above his helmet. His lance was thick and long with a steel head a foot in length.

As the two knights rode towards each other, Rozinante achieved something like a gallop, but the horse of the other stopped in mid-career and refused to move. Don Quixote soon got to the spot where his opponent was spurring his horse furiously, without being able to move him an inch from his place. Don Quixote paid no heed to his circumstance, but charged his adversary with such speed and fury that he brought him down to the earth, where he lay motionless, giving no sign of life."

Don Quixote dismounted and went over to the fallen knight to raise helmet and give him air. As he raised the vizor of the knight's helmet, he was startled to find that the face was

that of Samson Carrasco. He called out to Sancho :

"Come, Sancho, and see what these sorcerers and magicians can do."

Sancho drew near and seeing Carrasco's face, crossed himself again and again. The poor defeated knight all this while gave no sign of life.

"Sir," said Sancho to his master, "if you will be ruled by me, make sure of at least one wizard now. Put your sword through him and you destroy at least one magician."

Don Quixote liked the advice given by Sancho and was going to act on it, when the fallen knight's squire intervened hurriedly.

"Hold, Sir ; it is your friend Samson Carrasco that lies senseless at your feet, and nobody else. I am his squire."

Sancho now recognized in 'the squire who had taken off his false nose, an old acquaintance and Samson was spared. He was returning to consciousness by now and attempted to rise.

Don Quixote placed the point of his sword at his throat and cried : "Though you look like my friend Samson, yet you are somebody else."

"Confess that Lady Dulcinea is superior in every point to your Casildea, before I can let you rise."

"I confess everything you 'like," said the fallen knight and painfully got up. His squire explained to Sancho how the curate and the barber had hatched a plot with his master to cure Don Quixote for ever of his fancies and to bring him home. The plot unfortunately had mis-carried

Samson Carrasco and his squire much out of humour and out of order left Don Quixote to go to some town where they might get some ointment and plaster for the unfortunate knight's

Don Quixote and Sancho continued their way towards Saragossa in a spirit of great glat lation.

CHAPTER XIII

Don Quixote and the Lions

A little later Don Quixote saw a carriage coming towards them. It was decorated with little flags all over and the knight imagined this was a new adventure coming towards them.

He took his helmet from Sancho, which the latter had been carrying, and clapped it on his head. He fixed himself well in his stirrups, loosened the sword in its scabbard, and grasping his lance, said. "Now, come what will. Here I am, prepared to face the devil himself."

By this time the carriage had come up. There was nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules and another man sitting upon the front part of it.

Don Quixote rode forward and asked "whither go ye, friends? What car is this? What have you in it, and what flags are these?"

"The car is mine;" replied the carter, "there are two brave lions in it which the general of Oran is sending as a present to his majesty. The

flags are there to show that the lions belong to the king."

"Are the lions large?" Enquired our hero.

"Very large," answered the man in the forepart of the car, "there never came larger from Africa into Spain. I am their keeper and have had charge of several in my time, but I never saw the like of these before. They are very hungry, having eaten nothing today. Therefore, sir, kindly move out of our way, so that we may quickly get to the place, where we intend to feed them."

"What!" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, "Lion cubs against me!" And at this time of the day? Those who sent these lions to me shall know whether I am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow, and since you are the keeper, open their cages and let them out. For in the middle of this field I will make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me."

Sancho said, "For God's sake, sir do not encounter these lions, for they will tear us all to pieces."

But Don Quixote, turning to the keeper, exclaimed; "Sirrah," open the cage immediately, or I will pin thee to the car with this lance."

"Good Sir," cried the carter, "do but let me take my mules out first, and get out of harm's way as fast as I can. For the cart and they are all that I have in the world to get a living with."

"Thou man of little faith," said Don Quixote, "take them out quickly and go with them where you please. You will presently see, how useless your precaution and labour have been."

The carter made all the haste he could to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out as loudly as he could: "Bear witness, all who are here that I am forced to open the cages against my will and let the lions loose; and that I protest to this gentleman that he shall be responsible for all the mischief and damages that may follow. And now, sirs, hasten to save yourselves before I open the cages."

"Retire, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave me. If I fall here, remember our old agreement. Go to Dulcinea; I say no more."

Sancho with his ass and the carter with his mules retired as far as they could from the lions,

while, Don Quixote repeated his commands and threats to the keeper. He got down from his horse, deciding to make his attack on foot, lest Rozinante should take fright, not being used to lions, and run away with him. He discarded his lance, clutched his shield and drew his sword. Thus he waited by the cage, while the keeper opened its door slowly and disclosed to view a huge lion. The first thing he did was to roll and turn round in the cage, then he stretched out one of his paws and yawned in a leisurely manner. Finally he licked the dust out of his eyes and face with nearly half a yard of tongue.

Don Quixote observed him with attention, wishing he would leap from his cage and grapple with him, so that he could cut him to pieces. But the lion, having surveyed the world lazily, turned his back on the knight and lay down again in his cage.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to give him some blows and force him out of the cage.

"No sir," said the keeper, "I cannot do that. If I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Be satisfied, senor, that all

that valour courage required has been done. No man obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he does not come, that is his own fault."

"That is true," answered Don Quixote, "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here; how you opened the door of the cage, how I waited for him, but instead of meeting me he turned tail and lay down."

He then signalled to the others, tying a piece of linen to his lance, and Sancho, seeing it, exclaimed "I will be hanged, if my master has not got the better of the lions. He is calling to us."

They came back to the car and Don Quixote said to the carter: "Put your mules to the cart again, and pursue your journey. Sancho, give two gold pieces to these good fellows to make amends for my having detained them."

The keeper told them the whole story of the knight's courage and the lion's cowardice in detail, exaggerating and adorning his narration a good deal.

"What think you of this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Can any 'enchantments prevail against true courage? Henceforth I am resolved to be called the knight of the Lions instead of the knight of the Sorrowful Figure."

CHAPTER XIV

The Adventure of the Enchanted Bark

A few days later they came to the banks of the Ebro which delighted the poetic fancy of the knight. Looking round about him, and seeing nobody he alighted and asked Sancho to tie their beasts to some neighbouring elm or willow.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Sancho.

Don Quixote replied, "This boat is here, Sancho, inviting me to embark in it for the relief of some knight in great distress. I have read in books of chivalry that when a knight is in great trouble, and only some other valorous knight can set him free from it, the magicians who protect him carry off the helping champion in a cloud or provide him with a boat."

Sancho tied the beasts to a tree and was very sore at leaving them behind. Don Quixote asked him not to worry about them, as they could be protected by enchanter's spells and no harm could come to them.

Leaping into the boat, Sancho following him, Don Quixote cut the rope; by degrees the boat

was carried towards the middle of the river. Sancho saw that Rozinante was struggling to be free and his ass was braying.

"Sir," said he, "do you hear how my Dapple is braying, and see how Rozinante struggles to break his bridle?"

Saying this he started crying so loudly that the knight was quite annoyed. *angry*

"Why do you cry?" said the knight, "who hurts you? What do you fear, you chicken-bearded coward? You sit here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of you, while you glide gently down the calm current of the river which will soon carry us to mid-ocean. I am sure we have just passed, or are about to pass, the equinoctial line which divides and cuts the opposite poles at equal distance."

"And when we have passed this line you speak of, what then?" asked Sancho.

"We shall have travelled a great distance. The whole globe consists of three hundred and sixty degrees according to the famous geographer

Ptolemy when we have travelled one-half of it, we shall reach the equinoctial line."

The boat was floating gently along the river without the help of any enchantment. By this time they saw two water-mills in the middle of the river.

"Look Sancho," cried the Don, "do you see that castle there? This is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess detained, for whose help I have been conveyed here."

"What castle do you mean?" asked Sancho. "Can you not see that these are water-mills in the middle of the river, to grind corn?"

"Peace," said Don Quixote, "they look like water-mills, but they are no such things. How often have I not told you that these magicians change everything as they please?"

The boat having now reached the strength of the stream, began to move faster than before. The people in the mill, finding the boat drifting straight towards the mill-wheels, came out running with long poles to stop it. Their faces and clothes were all powdered with flour and they looked very odd.

"Hi, there!" they bellowed; "are you mad or what? Hold, or you will be drowned or ground to pieces by the mill-wheels."

Don Quixote turned to Sancho and exclaimed: "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that we were coming to a place where I would have to exercise the full strength of my arm? Look what horried wretches are pouring forth yonder castle to oppose me?"

Standing up in the boat majestically, Don Quixote threatened the millers in a haughty tone: "Ye slaves," cried he, "release instantly the captive person whom you are detaining in your prison, be he of high or low degree. Know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous slayer of the lions."

Saying this he unsheathed his sword and began to make passes in the air. But the millers, understanding neither his words nor his gestures, got busy with their poles and stopped the boat, just as it was nearing the mill-dam and entering the swift eddy near the wheels. The boat checked thus sharply, was overturned and threw both the knight and his squire into the water.

Luckily the knight could swim like a duck, yet his armour sunk him twice to the bottom. Had not the millers dragged both master and man out of the water, there would have been an end of them both.

They were hauled on land more wet than thirsty. The fishermen who owned the boat, also arrived and finding it smashed to pieces, began to beat Sancho, and demanded immediate payment for their loss.

but he, on the other hand, was not
The knight with a great deal of gravity and unconcern informed them that he was ready to pay for the boat, if they released the people they had unjustly detained in prison.

"What prison are you talking about?" said the millers. "Do you want to carry away the good people who come here to grind their corn at our mills?"

Don Quixote shrugged his shoulders. "Who can expect this mad rabble to do what is honour-*able*?" thought he. "Surely, there are two enchanters at work in this matter. One conveyed me hither in the magic bark, the other overturns the boat and tries to drown me. I can do nothing more in this matter."

He then turned to the boatmen and settled with them about the boat. He ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals as compensation, which he did very unwillingly, grumbling that two more voyages like this would sink the whole of their capital.

The fishermen and millers stared at them, amazed at their ways and talk. Finally, taking them for mad, they left them, and went back to their own business.

Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, mounted them silently and rode away from the Ebro, turning their backs towards it.

CHAPTER XV

Sancho Becomes Governor

It happened that the next day about sunset, as they were coming out of a wood, Don Quixote saw some distinguished company assembled in a green meadow. Approaching nearer, he observed a very fine lady seated on a fine, white mare among them. The lady was dressed in green, so rich and gay, that nothing could be finer.

"Son Sancho," said the knight to his squire, "run and tell that lady that the knight of the Lions sends her his greetings and would be proud to wait on her, if she would allow him to do so." 16 ²/₅

The lady and her husband had heard of Don Quixote's feats and eagerly looked forward to meeting him. They invited him to stay with them at their castle which was a short distance away. This invitation was graciously accepted by Don Quixote.

The duke, for such the husband was, rode ahead of them to instruct his servants how to

conduct themselves towards the knight. He was treated as a great knight-errant in all respects and much courtesy was shown to him.

Don Quixote dressed himself for supper, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, wore a cap of green velvet on his head, and thus equipped entered the state-room. There a group of damsels attended on him with water and all necessaries. They washed him with much ceremony, and immediately afterwards twelve pages conducted him to supper.

As soon as he approached, the duke and the duchess came forward to receive him. After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last approached the table. Sancho stood by all this while, gaping with wonder to see all this honour shown to his master. At last he said :

"I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months. If he lives, and I live, he shall not want kingdoms to rule nor I islands to govern."

"That you shall not, friend Sancho," said the duke, "in the name of senor Don Quixote

I promise you the government of one of mine which has fallen vacant and is of considerable value."

"Kneel, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you."

Sancho did so, and the duchess was ready to die with laughter to see Sancho and hear him talk. In her opinion he was more absurd and amusing than his master, and others were of the same opinion.

The duke instructed his servants and vassals how to behave towards Sancho in his government. He also asked Sancho to prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government.

"Your islanders already long for you as for rain in May," said the Duke.

Sancho made a humble bow and said: "Let me have this island sir, and I'll do my best to be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues I shall not want a small nook in heaven one day or the other. It is not covetousness either which makes me leave my humble cottage and

set up as an important person; I merely want to know how it feels to be a governor."

"Oh, Sancho!" said the duke, "When once you have had a taste of it, you will always be licking your fingers afterwards, so very pleasant it is to command and be obeyed. I am sure, when your master becomes an emperor, which he cannot fail to be in the course of his affairs, he will never be persuaded to abdicate. His only grief would be that he was one no sonner."

"True, sir," replied Sancho, "I am of your mind. It is pleasant to command, though it be but a flock of sheep."

"You know something of everything, Sancho," said the duke, "I am sure you will be a great governor. Remember, tomorrow you have to leave for your island. Tonight you will be fitted up according to the importance of your office."

Don Quixote gave Sancho elaborate instructions with regard to the government of his island. He also wrote them out and after dinner handed over to Sancho a copy of them, so that he should always remember them.

At last Sancho set out with a large number of followers. He wore rich costume and rode a mule. Behind him was led his ass, Dapple, gorgeously attired like his master. Sancho was so pleased that he turned back every now and then to admire Dapple's equipment, and thought of himself so happy that he would not have changed places with the emperor of Germany.

Sancho, with all his attendants, reached the seat of his government, a town of about a thousand inhabitants, and one of the best which the duke possessed. They told him that it was called the island of Baratria.

As soon as he came to the gates, the chief officers and inhabitants with all due ceremony came out to receive him. The bells rang, and the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then conducted to the great church to give thanks to God. Shortly afterwards, the keys of the city were delivered to him with elaborate ceremony and he was established as the perpetual governor of the island.

The clothes, the long beard and short, thick size of the new governor struck everybody with

wonder, even those who were privy to the duke's plot.

From the church they carried him to the court of justice. When he was seated in his chair, the duke's steward said to him: "My lord governor, it is an ancient custom here that he who takes possession of this land, answers some difficult and intricate question. From his reply, the people judge his worth and rejoice or lament, as the case may be."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho Panza had been staring at some large writing on the wall opposite his seat. As he could not read himself, he enquired: "What is the inscription?"

"Sir," they replied, "this is an account of your installation. It runs thus: 'This day (such a day of the month and year) Senor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy it!'"

"Look here," said Sancho, "I am plain Sancho Panza. So were my father and grandfather before me, without any Don or Donna about it. I am sure there are more Dons than

stones in this island ; if my government lasts but four days, I shall weed them out. Now Senor Steward, what is your question ? I shall answer it as I can. whether the town be sorry or pleased."

CHAPTER XVI

Sancho's Government

At this moment two men came into the court, a countryman and a tailor,

The tailor said: "My lord, this farmer and I appear before you for justice. This honest man came to my shop yesterday. He showed me a piece of cloth and asked me whether it was enough to make him a cap. I answered, yes. Then he asked me to measure it again and inform him whether there was not enough of it for two. I told him, there was enough. He went on increasing the number and I kept answering yes, till we came to five caps. I made him five caps, but now he refuses to take them. He wants me either to return the cloth or pay him for it, and refuses to pay me for my labour."

"Is it so, brother?" asked Sancho.
"Yes," answered the man, "but please ask him to show the caps he has made."
The tailor produced five tiny caps from his pocket and put them on his fingers and thumb which they just fitted.

"Here are the five caps which this honest man wanted me to make, and I can swear that not a shred of cloth has been left over. Let any workman judge me."

All those who were present, started laughing at the tiny caps. Sancho considered the matter gravely for a while, and at last delivered this judgement: "The tailor shall lose the cost of his work, and the villager his cloth. The caps shall be given to the poor of the island. This is the end of the matter."

This sentence excited great mirth in the court, but no sooner had the order been carried out than two old men appeared before him. One of them had a large cane with him which he used as a staff. The other, who had no staff, said:

"My lord, sometime ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold. I wanted to be helpful, but I wanted him to return the money when I wanted it. I did not trouble him for a while, but after some time I reminded him about it. He not only refused to pay me, but denies the debt altogether."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.

"Sir," answered the old man, "I admit he lent me the gold. But if you will kindly hold down your rod of justice, I shall swear upon it that I have paid my debt to this man."

Sancho held down his rod, and the old man asking his accuser to hold his staff for a while, swore upon the cross of the rod that he had paid the money into the hands of the creditor himself.

The creditor was much puzzled, but accepted the oath and left the court without more ado.

Sancho sat thinking deeply and at last asked for the old gentleman with the staff to be called back. When he came, Sancho said. "Give me that staff, I want it." He then gave it to the other man, saying: "Now you may go about your business. You are paid."

"What! Is this cane worth ten gold crowns?" he asked.

"Yes," said the governor, "or I am a great fool." He broke the cane into pieces, and out rolled the ten gold crowns. All were struck.

with wonder, and regarded their governor as a second Solomon.

Sancho decided many other cases that came up before him, and when the business of the day was over, he was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous place. Here he was taken to a stately hall, where a royal banquet was spread out for him. Four pages rushed out towards him to wash his hands and music was struck up, until he sat down in the single chair at the table. Sancho was greatly tempted by the food before him, but a person who was later discovered to be the physician, denounced each dish as it came before Sancho, and it was at once whisked away.

Sancho, getting very annoyed, enquired whether there was nothing in the world which he could eat with safety to his health. The doctor advised a few rolled-up wafers and some thin slices of marmalade which would be easy to digest. Losing all patience, Sancho ordered the physician out of the hall, saying that he would rather give up his office than starve.

A week thus passed by. Sancho administered the island, went round his duties and decided

cases. He discovered that the governorship of an island is not what he had imagined it to be. He never had any peace, even for a moment, and the physician was doing his best to starve him.

As spring is followed by summer, and summer by autumn, time goes round with a continual wheel. So also Sancho's government dissolved and vanished like a dream.

When he had got into bed on the seventh night of his government, he was awakened by a great shouting and noise. Twenty people with lighted torches and drawn swords rushed up to him, crying: "Arm! Arm! My lord governor! Enemies are attacking the island, and we shall be lost, unless you save us."

"What have I to do with arms?" exclaimed Sancho. "Such matters were better understood by my master, Don Quixote."

But they hustled him into an old armour, put a lance into his hand and requested him to march forward to victory.

"How can I march?" wailed the poor man; "I can hardly move my knee-joints, squeezed as I am." And indeed he looked very much like a

tortoise in its shell, his head, arms and toes alone being visible.

As he tried to move forward, down he crashed so violently that he feared, all his bones had been broken. Here he lay like an overturned boat on land, while the noise and the tumult increased. Men trampled over him, as he lay and shouted all round him.

"If only I could get away from this wretched island!" thought Sancho all the time. At last he heard shouts of victory: "The enemy is routed. Rise, my lord governor, Enjoy the conquest you have won."

"Lift me up," said Sancho in a mournful voice. They helped him to rise, rubbed him down and gave him some wine to drink. His armour was taken off and as he set upon his bed, he fainted with the pain and terror he had suffered. Those who had planned this trick began to feel sorry that they had carried it so far.

Sancho recovering from his fit shortly afterwards, asked what time it was. They answered, it was now daybreak. He said nothing and began to put on his clothes. Silently he made his way to the stable, everybody following him.

He approached his ass, Dapple, kissed him on the forehead, and said: "Come hither, my friend, my partner in suffering; I was happy, when you and I moved together. But since I forsook you and climbed up high towers of ambition and pride, how unhappy I have been!"

While he said this, he saddled his ass, stiffly got upon him and gravely addressed the assembled company:

"Make way, gentlemen, let me return to my previous freedom. Let me go to my old way of life and rise again from this death which buries me alive. I was nor born to be a governor, nor to defend islands against enemies that break in upon them. I only understand how to plough and dig. Nothing becomes a man so well as his own profession."

They reluctantly agreed to let him go, the steward saying. "My lord governor, it grieves us to part with you, yet we cannot presume to stop you against your inclination." They offered to attend on him and to supply him whatever he might need for the journey. Sancho accepted a little corn for his ass and half a cheese and

half a loaf for himself, for he needed no more for such a short journey.

With that they all embraced him, and he embraced them, leaving them full of admiration for his good sense and wisdom.

Sancho returned to the castle in due time and rendered the duke and his master a full account of his adventures. He also declared his resolve never again to agree to take up such an unpleasant job as being a governor.

CHAPTER XVII

The Knight's Downfall.

Don Quixote had been having many adventures himself all this while, and now decided that it was high time for him to be moving off. He, therefore, bade farewell to the duke and duchess with much courtesy on both sides and took the road to Barcelona.

At Barcelona the knight and his squire were entertained by a friend, Don Antonio Moreno, who had heard of their doings and was much impressed by them. Don Quixote stayed several days at his friend's house, but on a certain day he met a grievous adventure which altered the whole course of his life.

He had ridden forth, fully armed, one fine morning to take the air on the sea-shore, when he saw another knight, armed like himself, advancing towards him. He had a moon printed on his shield. When he came near, he called out - "Illustrious, knight, renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha! I am the knight of the white

moon whose great exploits perhaps you have heard of. I have come to enter into combat with you and to compel you at the point of my sword to acknowledge my lady, whoever she be, to be superior to your Dulcinea del Toboso. If you don't submit now and are defeated in battle, you will have to lay aside your arms for a whole year and stay at home. If you defeat me, my life will be at your mercy, as also my sword, my reputation and my glory."

Don Quixote was annoyed at this arrogant challenge, but he replied gravely: "Knight, of the White Moon, I have not yet heard of your fame. My lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, undoubtedly is the most beautiful damsel that knight ever followed. I only tell you that you are utterly mistaken in your belief. Therefore choose your ground and let us begin at once!"

By this time a large crowd had gathered there including Don Antonio and the viceroy of the city. They learnt the terms of the combat and the cause of it.

The opponents now wheeled round toward each other, and without the sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, charged rapidly

forward. The steed of the strange knight was far swifter and nimbler than Rozinante, and before Don Quixote had run two-thirds of his course, met him with such fury that without using his lance, he caused both knight and horse to crash heavily to the ground and roll over.

Immediately he was upon Don Quixote and clapping his lance to his vizor, exclaimed: "Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, unless you abide by the condition of our challenge."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned by his fall, answered in a faint and hollow voice, as though speaking from a tomb. "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful lady in the world and I the most unfortunate knight on earth. It is a pity that her fame should suffer through my weakness. Therefore, take my life and finish with it."

"By no means," said the conqueror, "let the fame of Lady Dulcinea remain untarnished. All that I ask is that the great Don Quixote should retire home and for a year carry no arms. This was agreed upon before the combat."

Don Quixote agreed to abide by the terms of the combat. There upon the knight of the

White Moon, making a low bow to the company, retired from the field and rode into the city.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale and in a cold sweat. As for Rozinante, he was in so sad a plight that he could not stir for the present. Sancho thought his glory eclipsed and his hopes of greatness vanquished for ever. At last the vanquished knight was put into a chair which the viceroy had sent for, and he carried him into the town.

Don Antonio had in the meantime followed the knight of the Moon to his inn and refused to retire, until he discovered his identity. The story recounted by the strange knight was that he was Samson Carrasco, a neighbour of Don Quixote. He had resolved to cure Don Quixote of his craziness and the only means of doing so was to defeat him in a single combat and make him promise to forego the profession of arms for a while. He was glad that he had succeeded in achieving his plan. Taking his leave of Don Antonio, he rode out of the town without revealing his disguise to Don Quixote.

For six days Don Quixote was confined to bed, dejected, sullen and out of humour. Sancho tried his best to comfort him, but without much success.

"I shall retire only for a year," said the knight to Sancho, "and then resume my honourable profession which will undoubtedly secure me a kingdom, and you an earldom."

Two days later, Don Quixote having recovered a little, took his leave of Don Antonio and having his armour loaded on Dapple set off homewards.

CHAPTER XVIII

The End

As he saw his village from a hill-top, Sancho fell on his knees and said: "O my long, long wished-for home! Sancho Panza has come back to you, if not very rich, atleast well hurt and bruised. Open your arms and receive both your sons."

They were encountered by the curate and Samson Carrasco at the entrance to the village and greeted with great joy. They escorted Don Quixote to his house where the house-keeper and his niece welcomed him. They had already heard of his arrival and received him at the door. Sancho Panza, likewise, was greeted warmly by his wife, Teresa, who having heard of his home-coming ran out to meet him, her hair about her ears, and dragging her daughter, Sanchica after her.

"What is the meaning of this, husband?" said she, when she found Sancho travelling afoot very much unlike a governor, "you look

more like a misgoverned person than a governor !”

“Peace,” said Sancho, “ ’Tis not gold that glistens, and every man is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Let us first go home. I have many wonderful things to relate to you.”

Soon after this Don Quixote fell ill. Whether it was the effect of his melancholy fretting or the will of heaven, he was seized with a violent fever which confined him to bed six days. All this time his good friends, the curate, bachelor Samson and the barber came constantly to see him, and his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, never stirred from his bedside.

They guessed that his sickness proceeded from the regret of defeat, and they left nothing untried to divert him. They sent for a physician, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it. He advised them to provide for his soul's health, because that of his body was in a dangerous condition. The physician was of opinion that melancholy vexation had brought him to his approaching end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him, because he wanted to sleep.

He woke after a sleep of six hours and exclaimed: "Heaven be praised? Infinite are its mercies. They are greater and more in number than the sins of man."

The niece hearing these words of her uncle and finding some sense in them, enquired: "What mercies do you speak of, uncle? What do you mean?"

Don Quixote replied: "Mercies that heaven has granted to me in spite of sins. My judgment is now clear and undisturbed, and the cloud of ignorance which those romances had cast over my understanding, has now been removed. I find, niece, my end approaches. But I would like my death to be better than my life which only earned for me the title of a mad man. Send for my friend, the curate, bachelor Carrasco and Nicholas the barber; I want to make my confession and my will."

At that moment his three friends came in. "My good friends," said the knight, "I have good news to tell you. I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but plain Alonzo Quixada, whom the world for his former behaviour was pleased to call a good man. I am now a sworn

enemy of Amadis de Gaul and the rest of that tribe."

His friends were very surprised to hear him talk in this vein. He spoke with such good sense and piety, and showed himself so resigned to the will of heaven that they had to believe that he was at last restored to perfect judgment.

The curate then cleared the room of all the company but himself and Don Quixote, and then confessed him, for already the knight was feeling the approach of death. The barber ran for the scrivener and presently brought him so that Don Quixote could draw up his will. Sancho Panza, the house-keeper and the niece sobbed loudly all the while. The knight had always been so good-natured, that not only his family, but all those who knew him, loved him.

Don Quixote appointed the curate and the scholar sole executors of his will, providing richly for his house-keeper and his faithful squire and leaving the rest of his land and property to his niece.

Having finished the will, he fell into a swooning fit and extended his body to its full length in the bed. He relapsed into such fits almost

every hour for about three days. Then the end came amidst the tears and lamentations of his friends.

Thus died the simple knight of La Mancha. Omitting the lamentations of Sancho, the niece and the house-keeper, and several epitaphs that were written for his tomb, we give only the one which the bachelor Carrasco wrote for him :

E P I T A P H

The body of a knight lies here,
So brave, that to his latest breath,
Immortal glory was his care,
And makes him triumph over death.-
His looks spread terror every hour ;
He strove oppression to control ;
Nor could all Hell's united power
Subdue or daunt his mighty soul.

NOTES

Page 1. La Mancha

A district in southern Spain, partly in Arragon, and partly in Castile

Quixada

Literally means lantern-jawed

Page 3. Bucephalus

The famous horse of Alexander the Great.

Rozinante.

Rozin means an ordinary horse.

Ante means formerly. The name signifies one that was previously an ordinary horse, but is so no longer.

Amadis.

The story of Amadis is one of the earliest and best-known of the Spanish tales of chivalry. To Don Quixote Amadis was a model of knightly conduct.

Page 4. Dulcinea.

The sweet one.

Page 7. Castellano

Means both a constable or governor of a castle, and an inhabitant of Castile

Page 17. Toledo.

Noted as a centre of trade and industry in old Spain

Murcia

At that time the most important place for silk manufacture in Spain

- Muleteers. Boys who look after mules during a journey and bring them back after the travellers have gone on.
- Page 19 Amber and civet. Perfumes.
- Spindle of Guadarrama. A straight high peak in a range of mountains nine leagues from Madrid. The peaks of this mountain are so straight and perpendicular that they are called spindles.
- Page 24 Barber. In Spanish villages, the barber was also the surgeon.
- Page 31 Briareus A giant in Greek mythology. He possessed three-hundred arms. He guards the gate of Tartarus where the wicked receive their punishment after death.
- Page 35. Riding-masks. Masks of paste-board to protect the face from dust and heat.
- Biscaine. Belodging to Biscay.
- Seville. At that time a great port for trade with the New World.
- Page 41. Albracca. Reference to a poem, *Orlande Inamorado* by Boiardo, in which the King of Tartary besieges Albracca, a fortress in Cathay to gain the king's beautiful daughter.

- Page 43 Acorns The people of La Mancha still eat sweet acorns, as they did in the days of Don Quixote
- Page 54 Membrino A Saracen of great valour who owned a golden helmet. This was taken away from him by a knight named Reynaldo
- Page 61 Clown. Originally, a villager, a rustic, a rogue
- Sierra Morena This mountain, called Morena, because of its moorish or dark colour, divides Castile from the province of Andalusia
- Page 81. Giralda. A statue on the steeple of a cathedral in Seville
- page 82 Bulls of Guisando. Two vast statues in a town of that name. They are supposed to have been set up by the Romans.
- Page 87 Oran Port in A'lgeria Had flourishing trade in wool, wines, oil and grain
- Page 93 Ebro River in North east Spain. Flows to the Mediterranean from the Cantabrian mountains.
- Page 94 Equinoctial At or near the Equator.

Page 95 Ptolemy.

Lived in Alexandria in the 2nd century A. D. was a celebrated geographer and astronomer.

Page 98 Real.

A small old Spanish coin worth about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 5 d.

Page 109 Solomon.

A great king of Isreal famous for his wisdom.

Page „ Marmalade.

A kind of jam made from orange.

Page 114. Barcelona.

A flourishing town in Mediaeval Spain.
